

Home Reading.

Three Translations.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

I. From the French of Duclat.

Rivulet humble, whose waters glide
In a bed that is wild and hidden,
Like thee have I fled from the crowd and
sighed
For the haunts to my footsteps forbidden.

Rivulet, over my by-gone pain,
Roll deep oblivion of sorrows;
Let but thy peace in my thought remain,
Thy waves and thy flowers, thro' the morrows.

Lowly forget-me-nots, lilies arrayed
In freshness, make here their dear dwelling;
Already the nightingale dreams in the shade
Of his nest and his song's tender swelling.
Near thee, the spirit contemplative, still,
Feels no more the breath of earth's folly;
Thy wave murmurs on, at its own sweet will,
With music for soft melancholy.

When may I follow, on autumn days,
The shy, unmarked course of thy roaming,
To hear crisp boughs crackling thro' devious
ways,
And the lone lapping cry, in the gloaming?
—Ruth Emerson.

II. From the French of André Chénier.

I die! Before evening my journey I've finished;
My sweet, rose has faded ere opens the day;
Life held many pleasures, her joys undiminished,
But ere all are tasted, behold! life's away.
—G. H. D.

III. From the German of Ludwig Tieck.

I am an angel and I know mankind;
My outspread wings sweep through the morn-
ing's glance,
The greenwood gladdens at my countenance,
The choir of nightingales I soon can find.
Whose mortal lips I kiss, with soul inclined,
From him the world leaves heavenly romance;
Wood, water, field, and air for him enchanted.
These Eden-rooms which flow within his mind,
Eternal Love, which cannot ever fail,
Greets him with triumph in the waves that
spring,
With hidden tones, from beneath Nature's veil:
He lifts himself and strikes with joy the string!
Through rainbow glories gliding down the gale
He hears, enraptured, what the angels sing.
—S. W. D.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

THE DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

Beside the Autumn Fire.
The dreams have come in here, out of
the day and into the evening, and the
coal fire glows within the grate. How
these dead suns, that have buried them-
selves away in the black mass of the old
fern forests, break out with new light!
The fire is talking to itself. It purrs and
crackles, and long tongues of flame wind
in and out among the blocks of coal.

Now and then a jet of imprisoned gas
darts up and ceases, and again darts up.
A little fringe of sombre smoke hangs on
the top of the flame. There are glowing
hollows in the centre of the grate—mini-
ature craters full of mystery. They con-
tain the microcosm of creation.
I cannot speak of myself to-night in the
third person, for it is all too real. These
fires have been kept hidden from me, un-
til, centuries after they were stored in
the deep underground caverns, I have
exercised the prerogative of lordship that
was given in Eden, and have said, "Let
there be light!" Thus am I repeating
and repeating, in pantomime and per-
haps in mockery, the ways of that Creator
who made it all.

Time is burning here. Not time in the
kings and trunks of trees, but time in these
dark and sad compressions which are of
centuries and ages ago. Packed down
by the superincumbent pressure of geol-
ogical aeons, they are rendering back to me,
in their fantastic flashes, the groves in
which, beneath the browned, and where
a wraith tossed the spray in the not dis-
tant ocean I go back across the vanished
years, and in these little flappings and
rushings of the fiery tongues, I hear the
long palm leaves flutter. I know not
what, late on in human eras, there is a light
out of darkness from their unpropitious
mass.

I wonder if my own days and years are
being so packed away—a few pounds of
black coal to answer in the stead of my
waving forests of happiness, or my fallen
trunks of loss and pain. Who shall say?
Behold, our days are sinking behind us,
and the life of a tree and the life of a man
are not greatly different.
Is not the diamond such as this? Do I
not even now perceive an intense whiteness
in the flame beyond the finest jewel;
and an intense ruddy glow beyond any
ruby or carbuncle that ever shone?
And will the time ever come when
memory shall bring from the past such
an entire blaze as this? Will we ever be
able to sit, as I do now, and quietly pon-
der again upon the long out-flamed fides
and hopes and new delights, of days
that are black and dead? Truly, I
think we shall. Let the grief go into the
ashes where it belongs, but from the black-
ness of the past days I shall assur-
edly kindle again all that has been
Bright.

Ah, I see the faces, as Lizzie Hexam
used to see them in the "hollow down by
the flare." There are dead faces there,
but their eyes are as clear and full of light,
as when we looked at each other in the
happy time so long gone by. And there
are absent faces, old and young; men's
faces that are strong and true, and wo-
men's faces that are transparently fine,
as a porcelain vase within which is hidden
some steady light whose quiet trust
sheds its softened ray upon the scene.
They have all come back. I can hear
them whispering, these pleasant ghosts
—whispering to each other and to me.
And the wind howls without and the
rain falls heavily, and the trees dash and
crash their branches in the damp night
wind. But here, within, all is peace; for
memory brings out of this light no be-
trayed friendships, no broken trust, and
no ruined joy. I thought the past had
gone from me, but I have not lost it. No,
I can evermore so seat myself before
its blaze and touch it again into its old,
cheering light.

Friends of my love, dispersed and scat-
tered here and there, take my greeting to-
night! I touch no hands of yours, but you
are with me. Ye are my blood-kin-
dred in the fellowship of the noblest
things. With you I have discoursed of
mysteries, and with you I have taken
counsel—by the sea edges and on the
mountain summits, and in the hall, and
in the home. As we drifted across the
lake, or fled on the swift strength of the
steam along the smooth and solid track,
our souls learned to know each other. We

have heard the music of earth and of
heaven commingled, and we have seen
the supreme glory of the painter's or
the poet's thought. I greet you all, though
not with human speech. To your dreams
this night my message shall fly, like some
fair angel to whisper in your ear. And
then, when the morning comes,
"You will wake, and remember, and understand."
For, my best of friends—you, I mean,
who can look into the fire with me—if
these our days be only such as this, we shall
care nothing for the flying past or for the
hastening future, nor shall we greatly
miss the perished days, if the sorrows lie
white in their ashes and the joys flower
forth again in such triumphant flame.

Lifetime of Various Animals.

Camels, from forty to fifty years; horses
average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen,
about twenty sheep, eight or nine; and dogs,
twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages
attained in non-domesticated animals, only a
few isolated facts are known. The East
Indians believe that the life period of the
elephant is about three hundred years, in-
stances being recorded of these animals hav-
ing lived one hundred and thirty years in
confinement after capture at an unknown
age. Whales are estimated to reach the age
of four hundred years. Some reptiles are
very long lived, an instance being furnished
by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and
existed until 1753, when it perished by
accident. Birds sometimes reach a great
age, the eagle and the swan having been
known to have lived one hundred years.
The carp has been known to live two hun-
dred years, common river trout fifty years and
pike ninety years, while Geese relate
that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring record-
ing the capture of the same fish two hun-
dred and sixty-seven years before. —Florida
Despatch.

Salt as a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

The *Shaker Manifesto* has the follow-
ing: "Half a teaspoonful of common table
salt dissolved in a little cold water and
drunk will instantly relieve heartburn or
dyspepsia. If taken every morning be-
fore breakfast, increasing the quantity
gradually to a teaspoonful to a glass of
water, it will, in a few days, cure any
ordinary case of dyspepsia, if, at the same
time, due attention is paid to the diet.
There is no better remedy than the above
for constipation, no better gargle for
sore throat. It is equal to chlorate of
potash, and is entirely safe. It may be
used as often as desired, and, if a little is
swallowed each time, it will have a be-
neficial effect on the throat by cleansing it
and allaying the irritation. In doses of
one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to
a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as
an emetic; and in cases of poisoning is al-
ways at hand. It is an excellent remedy
for bites and stings of insects. It is a val-
uable astringent for hemorrhages, par-
ticularly for bleeding after the extraction
of a tooth. It has both cleansing and
healing properties, and is, therefore, a
most excellent application for superficial
ulceration."

Conveying Contagious Diseases.

"There is no more powerful apparatus
for the conveyance of disease than a
book," says the *London Lancet*, a dis-
covery which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has
been immensely popular with school
boys and the opponents of free libraries.
A list of the maladies most easily con-
veyed by means of books is given as
follows: "Measles, scarlet fever, diptheria,
sore throat, whooping cough, bron-
chitis, and perhaps phthisis." The germs
of disease may lie for weeks, months, or
perhaps years, between the pages of a
bound book, to be dislodged at some un-
propitious moment when the volume
chances to be handled by a susceptible
person? The worst of the *Lancet's* dis-
covery is that no remedy apparently can
be provided for this difficulty.

Mosquitoes in Florida.

"Now, sir, answer me truthfully. Do
you believe that six of your biggest mos-
quitoes could kill a mule if he was tied up
out there?"
He looked at me in amazement for a
minute, and then went to the door and
beckoned in the man sitting on a d and
watching the horses. When the man
came in the native said:
"William, you remember that air roan
mule of yours?"
"I reckon."
"In perfect health, wasn't he?"
"He was."
"Could run like a deer and kick like a
saw-log?"
"He could."
"And he was all alone in a ten-acre
lot?"
"He was."
"And two of them mud-swamp skeet-
ers got after him one morning and run
him down and killed him and devoured
both hams and sucked every drop of
blood in his body. William speak up."

"Stranger, if they didn't, then I hope
to be chawed to rags," said William, and
he said it exactly like a man who
wouldn't have allowed there were two
skeeters if he hadn't been earnestly con-
vinced of the fact. He walked out doors,
and a deep silence fell upon us two,
broken only after a long interval by the
native saying:
"I've allus-kind suspected them two
skeeters had assistance from a hoss fly,
but I can't prove it. I kinder think
the hoss fly held him down while the
murder was committed." —*Ex.*

A PHILADELPHIA girl says that the race
of young men with noble principles, su-
perior intelligence and personal graces
seems to be dying out, but she is mis-
taken. They are merely hidden away in
editorial rooms, and are too busy saving
the country to make her acquaintance.
She should not despair, for after the next
presidential election most of us will have
a breathing spell. —*Philadelphia News.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES carries a
horse chestnut in his pocket as a protec-
tion against rheumatism. That's first
rate, too, but he ought to have a lucky
stone out of a sheep's head in his pocket,
if he wants to win anything when he
plays keeps. —*Burdette.*

"My dear," said Rattler at the tea-
table, looking up at his evening paper.
"This French-China trouble looks seri-
ous." "Yes," answered Mrs. Rattler.
"Bridget broke the handle off the sugar-
bowl to-day, but I didn't think you would
notice it so soon." —*Boston Courier.*

It is a grand thing to be a genius.
Queen Victoria asked Tennyson to write
a poem about John Brown, and in three
days the poet had found five new rhymes
for Brown, as follows: Celluloid, intra-
cable, perihelion, transactions, intro-
capular, and carniciesiac. No poet liv-
ing, save Mr. Tennyson, could have
thought of these rhymes. —*Burlington
Hawkeye.*

Literary Notes.

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS FROM
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS.
Based upon Bohn's edition, revised,
corrected, and enlarged. Twelve hun-
dred quotations added from American
authors. New York: Thomas Y.
Crowell & Co., 1883; pp. vii. Price
\$2.00.

It is now an open literary secret that a
lady of Bloomfield is the compiler of this
very admirable revision and extension of
the well-known and well-selected dictio-
nary of H. G. Bohn, the English publisher.
In this work she has been more free than
hitherto to carry out her own intelligent
purposes respecting the inclusion or ex-
clusion of quotations. There are other
similar works which occupy broader
and more popular ground, and which
neither invite comparison nor have reason
to shrink from it when it is made. The
present book occupies—and will always
occupy—its own especial field. It ap-
peals almost exclusively to the scholar
and the *belles lettres* student; and in its
5914 selections it touches only poetry, and
does not involve itself with prose or with
foreign languages. This puts it out of
comparison with the Hoyt-Ward Cyclo-
pedia, which is prepared in a different
way of thought, and in a different
revised Bohn attains anything like the
popularity of that compendium, it will
parallel the most astonishing literary suc-
cess of recent years.

We have the highest praise to give to
the publishers for their manner of making
the volume. Its proof-reading is closely
accurate, so closely that we are assured
that the originals of the quotations have
been exactly followed. Each quotation
is located also—a thing which, if our
memory serves us, did not occur in the
old Bohn. The type is a small-faced,
clear, and pleasant brevier, with so heavy
a "shoulder" that the lines are well sep-
arated without leading. The quo-
tations are numbered consecutively,
which makes it easier to find them in
the method by page and letter. There
are over 240 authors named in the
index of authors, to some of whom, as
Shakespeare, Addison, P. J. Bailey, the
Brownings, Byron, Bryant, Cowper, and
the standard English poets generally,
very considerable space is given. It
pleases us to see that Henry Vaughan
here goes at his true worth, and it grieves
us that George Chapman goes for so little.
Among American authors, where the work
of the reviser has appeared to be particu-
larly exercised, we have little fault to
find with the bulk of the selections. Yet,
when it is remembered that nothing,
however beautiful or fit, should have
place in these pages, it is a little dis-
appointing to find that Henry Vaughan
actually stamped with the seal of public
approval, we may well ask why some
names are included. We hail all such as
Maria White, Lovell, whose "Two souls
with but a single thought" has made her
tragedy of "Ingomar" a classic. But
what stretch of charity can permit 16
selections from Mary Clemmer (Anne), or
justify 10 from Julia R. Dorr, or assign
10 more to Anna Katherine Greene, or
encourage Joaquin Miller to the number
of 15? We should hardly have grumbled
at this if they were not for the otherwise
rigid system of the work, which has else-
where avoided whatever had not first
been passed upon and made current by
public taste. But no editor's choice, how-
ever exact (and we are sure it is), is
not bad, in themselves considered, can
be pleaded against this waste of valuable
space. We should personally have taken
up their unvalued pre-emption by insert-
ing the often-quoted lines to be found in
B. F. Taylor's "Rivers of Time," Nancy
Priest's "Over the River," Rose Terry
Cooke's "Two Villages," or even some
poems of Walt Whitman and John Hay,
Howells, and Platt, and Miss Phelps, and
Paul H. Hayne, and Sidney Lanier, all
deserve places—for work done and
quoted frequently in print—fully as
much as some who are here.

We turn with praise to the *indices*.
These to the Authors is so satisfactory that
it enables us, without delay, to have the
destructive criticism we have just written.
That to the Quotations is a real concord-
ance, admirably arranged.
When a book challenges attention for
its accuracy, it becomes the critic to pick
flaws. On p. 663 the omission of a comma
after Cornwell; p. 667 the failure to en-
close Joaquin in parenthesis; p. 671 a
mistake in Mr. Still's name, which is
Rowland and not Roland; p. 755 the
number omitted after "keep a week
away" is 4. The paper, press work, bind-
ing, and price of the book are all satisfac-
tory, and so is the editorial work, except
the particulars which we have mention-
ed.

CAMBRIDGE SERMONS. By Alexander
McKenzie. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.,
1883; pp. 319.
These sermons, as we learn from a brief
note prefixed to them, are from "reports
made by Mr. H. W. Gleason." That is,
we suppose, they are the stenographic
fac-simile of spoken discourses which
have never previously been committed to
paper. If this is so, they are doubly
remarkable. Their English is concise,
 terse, and sinewy. Dr. McKenzie under-
stands the use of the semicolon and of the
short sentence. There are little touches
of poetic taste, here and there, which are
charmingly put in. There is real elo-
quence in them, too—not of the startling
and sensational order, nor yet of the crude
and emotional sort, but still eloquence,
the eloquence of truth and of noble
thought. Here is such a brief, stirring
passage as we mean: "They tell us that life
is a vapor. So it is. That means more than
it did when St. James wrote the word.
Almost the mightiest force in the world to-
day is vapor. Condense it, heat it, and it
makes the ship fly from shore to
shore. Put it in its place, and it turns
the ponderous mass of the mountain into
a cloud, and the ponderous mass of the
factory and clothes the land. Life is va-
por; thin, transparent; passing away into
the clouds. The good man's life is vapor
held, heated, used; made a power that
makes the world move. The value of life
is to be found in what we do with it."
The closing sermon of the sixteen on
preached at Wellesley College on "The
Power of an Exalted Life." Like all the
rest it is brief, vivid, and original, but to
our thinking it is the best in the vol-
ume.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT. A weekly publica-
tion of sermons by Henry Ward
Beecher. New York: Fords, Howard
& Hulbert, 1883 [Vol. VI.]. \$2.00 per
annum.
Mr. Beecher has too long occupied his
commanding place in the pulpit to be
either neglected or disesteemed. It is
pleasant to observe that these sermons of
the present year, as they come to us week

by week, are marked by higher spiritual
thought, and a higher spiritual thought,
than for some time in the past. He
is apparently taking hold of the elements
of the old power again. Those eccen-
tricities of opinion and conduct, which
have excited such serious resistance from
religious newspapers and denominations,
are seen, by these published evidences
of his work, to bear but a small propor-
tion to the genuine truth which he ex-
presses. And while, because of these
things, Mr. Beecher can scarcely be to
the great mass of Christian people what
he once was, we still stand amazed before
an eloquence which, at threescore and
ten, and after years of exhaustive report-
ing of every sentence from his lips,
reveals so much vitality and freshness
and power. It is no wonder that "Ply-
mouth Pulpit" retains its circulation,
and keeps its constituency as of old.

A Young Minister's Question.

A young minister who succeeded an old
worker in the promulgation of the Gospel
to the people of a "wild and woolly" sec-
tion of Arkansas, approached the old
brother and asked:
"What kind of people am I likely to
meet?"

"All kinds."
"Any rough characters?"
"Some of them are pretty tough."
"Suppose they insult me, what must
I do?"
"Sorter santer off as though your busi-
ness called you away."
"Suppose they follow me?"
"Santer a little faster."
"Suppose they chase me?"
"Then santer like the deuce."
"And if they catch me, what then?"
"In that case, I reckon you had better
wait till they get through with you, and
then if you are able you'd better santer."

A COUPLE of railroaders concocted a little
plan to get their pockets filled with
peaches out of a neighboring peach or-
chard. Their plan was to induce the
owner to invite them in by praising his
fruit, and when he was not looking to fill
their pockets. The plan worked well.
He took them to the smallest and poorest
peach tree, but never offered them a
peach; but they, when chance favored,
filled their pockets. Presently he con-
ducted them to the finest peach tree,
shook it, and told them to fill their
pockets, which were already full to over-
flowing with the little hard fruit they had
slyly gathered in. —*Albion Tribune.*

WHEN Suwarrow informed Catherine
II. of the capture of Prague, in 1794,
by writing, "Hurrah! Prague! Suwarrow!"
the Empress promoted him in equally
concrete terms: "Bravo! Field-marshal!
Catherine!"

SOMEBODY has been bright enough to
say: "Langtry and Gebhard—the lily
of the valley and the valet of the lily."

List of Letters

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office
at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday,
Oct. 3d.

Angel, Mrs. C. E. McElennon, Geo. W.
Doremus, Mrs. Cor-
nelius
Dunn, James
Fahey, Mary
Hoelnski, John
Johnson, Paul
McGrann, Wm. F.

Any person calling for the above will
please ask for "advertised" letters.
H. DODD, P. M.

TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Leave Newark—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Arrive Newark—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Arrive New York—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Leave Newark—6:40, 7:25, 7:45, 8:50, 9:25, 11:10 a.m.
1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:36, 8:21, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24
a.m. 1:24, 2:24, 3:24, 4:24, 5:24, 6:24, 7:24, 8:24, 9:24, 10:24
p.m.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.

Chambers and 23d Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Leave Montclair—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
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12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Arrive New York—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Arrive Montclair—6:30, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m.
12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45
p.m.
Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 m.
for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving
at Montclair at 1:30 a.m.
Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and
8:50 p.m.

LEGAL NOTICE.

SUSSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Be-
tween Mary A. Cuff, Compt. and Bridget Brod-
erick et al., Defts.—One Bill, etc.
[It appearing that the said Thomas Broderick,
the plaintiff in the bill of complaint in this
cause mentioned is dead, and that Hannah Cusick
and George Saunders are the only persons related
to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complain-
ant has been able to get any information, and that
his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are
wholly unknown.
It is, on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hun-
dred and eighty-three, on motion of Cusick and
Saunders, of counsel with the complainant, ordered
that the unknown owners of all that certain tract
of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the
County of Gloucester, in the County of Essex,
and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate ly-
ing and being on the west side of Walnut Street
in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on
the north by land of William Brookes, on the east
by Walnut Street on the south by lands of Michael
Howe, of counsel with the defendant, be and do
do appear, plead, answer or demur to the com-
plainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day
of December next, or that, in default thereof, such
decree be made against them as the court shall
think equitable and just.
And it is further ordered that this order shall
within twenty days hereafter be published in the
Bloomfield Citizen, a newspaper printed at
Bloomfield in the County of Essex, New Jersey,
at least once a week to within ten days of the ex-
piration of the time herein limited for pleading,
answering, demurring, or otherwise saving the
time a copy thereof be sent by mail with the
postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and
George Saunders, directed to their post office ad-
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